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The QUARTERLY is a literary magazine, published three times a year by the undergraduate student body of the University of Massachusetts. The staff members are chosen from the student body by annual competitions.

All contributions are welcome and are chosen sorely on the basis of literary merit.

The QUARTERLY office is in the Student Union.

The QUARTERLY extends its deepest congratulations to the winners of the Writing Contest.

#### FIRST GRAND PRIZE

For the Best Story
BUCK FEVER by Frank Sousa

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#### CONTENTS

PROSE—	
THE FLIGHT OF THE HOMESICK PARROT	í
Frank Sousa	
THE STRANGERS	13
Rudy Whittshirk	
THE MEDDLERS	14
Robert Prentiss	
ROOMMATE	18
Chuck Gentry	
NOBODY IN SEARCH OF A STYLE	20
Ole Dad	
THE AGE OF MATURITY	25
Richard McLeod	
THE OLD HAND	28
HISTORY, PHYSICS AND THE FUTURE	34
Valdis Augstkalns	
POETRY—	
THE COMMONS	12
MY SPRING	26
STRANGE PORT	33

# The Fligh Homesick

I saw the crowd of people first; it was silent; and a silent crowd makes your wonder why they are silent. Then I noticed they were all looking up at somethin'. Then I saw him. He was perched up about forty or fifty feet, on the roof or eve, or whatever you call it, of the Universitie's Chapel. I didn't recognize him at first; he had no beard and no long hair. He had a whiffle, cropped short and yellow like the worn stubble of a whisk broom. The type of haircut that ninety-nine per-cent of the guys on campus had. Well anyways, without the long hair and the beard, I didn't recognize him. At first, that is. But recognize him or not, he was perched in a mighty precarious position. A slip an' he'd be dead.

I saw a guy in the crowd that I knew, Joe Buddin, and I asked him what the scoop was. By the way, it was Van Strauss on the roof. I also asked Buddin if Von was up to his nutty tricks again.

"Yup," Buddin answered, "Nutty as a fruitcake."

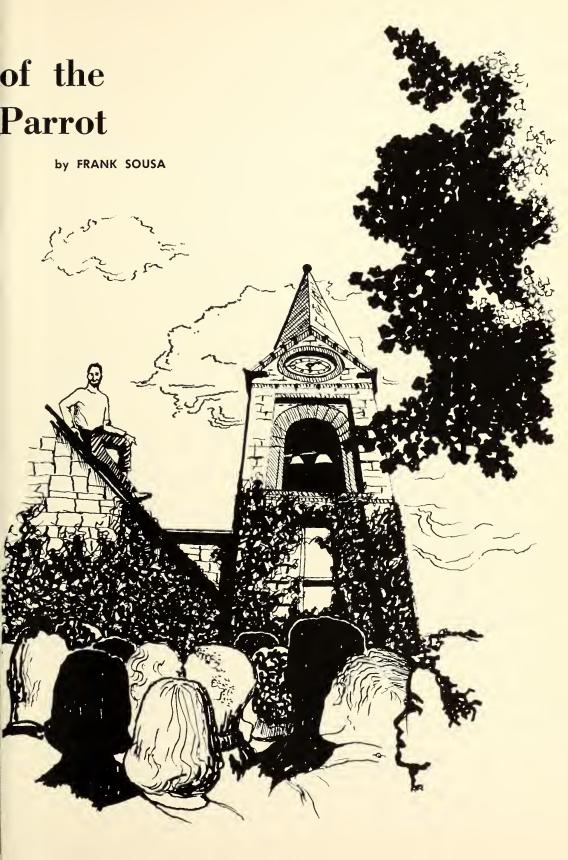
Ol' Von would never have used a clich'e like Buddin used. Von woulda said, "Fruitier than a nut cake." or somethin' along that line; but never a clich'e like Buddin. Von Strauss was one of these guys, a German exchange student, who liked to call himself an individual. Taught me to be one; an individual that is. But people liked to call him nutty. Buddin was one of them.

Well anyways, Buddin told me that

Von was gonna jump. That he'd been settin' up there for about an hour or two. Couple of guys had gone to a window and talked to him. No one risked their can to go out on the ledge with him though. But Von didn't say anythin'. Just sat there repeatin' Milton's AERIOPAGITICA and other stuff they couldn't make out. Then Buddin said that he'd be quiet as hell for awhile and then start repeatin' allover again. Kinda a screwed up deal.

But he sure looked different up there, perched among the gargoyles and all that medieval junk. He looked like a broken winged sparrow; not at all like the Hans Von Strauss I first saw on campus four years ago.

My God, I remember that day like it was yesterday. I think I told you before that he was a German exchange student, but I'm not sure. Not sure I told you, that is. Well anyways, the first time I saw him, he was walkin' across campus with these long strides; his long yellow hair was flappin' on both sides of his head like oriole wings; and my God; that red pointed beard he had. That red pointed beard like a cardinal's tail, and the flappin' wings of hair, no wonder everyone turned and looked. He couldn't have drawn more attention if he had walked through the campus with his teapot out, to steal an expression from Carson McCullers. Well Ol' Von returned their starin' with disdain - like they were turds, or somethin'. After I really got to know him; I really got to know that



look of disdain. My God, he had disdain for anything that showed you were a follower of the herd. He had disdain for for all the guys wearin' polished chinos; disdain for everyone wearin' Bermudas; disdain for everyone rushin' and gettin' these short haircuts like ninety-nine percent of the guys on campus had; and disdain for American professors, who he said had made RUR robots out of everyone: he also had disdain for the robots and he use to say to them that if prof so and so cracked wind habitually in class, that before long the whole class would be doin' it, as it was the thing to do. He said we had to be careful that the bigwig bean manufacturers didn't sneak a couple of these volcanic profs in on us, then they'd capture America's further leaders, and then the followers, and then these beanboys would conquer the world, cause everyone would need their product like drug addicts, or somethin'. All because a few guys had to do and say everything their profs did and said. My God, ol' Von was a hot ticket. In a kind of hard way: as you can see he didn't paint too pretty a picture. He wasn't this nutty all the time. Sometimes he was as serene as a mummer bird sittin' ona egg. But I hafta use these examples to show what he was against; also he got me out of the tide of just takin' the thoughts and the words of the professors as law. By the way, he was my roommate; I don't know if I told you that. And My God, the underwear he used to wear, some were redder than a matador's cape in the settin' sun and one yet had a watchpocket for his big Ben and they said 'if you can read this, you're too close' on them. Anyways that's unimportant. But maybe you get the point, that he was as finicky as a horse in a starter's gate, and as individualistic and

outstandin' as a girl with three boobs, or somethin' like that. I hope the images and that stuff I use don't shock you, but I'm usin' them because you'll be the only one readin' this.

Well, anyways, he took me under his wing from the start. Hell, I was just a hayseed; and believed everythin' that was tole to me. These professors were God to me; that is up to that first class I had with Von Strauss. It was a English class, ya; the prof had just got done askin' some nice lookin' girl, real built like, to repeat the ten circles, or however many there are, to Dante's Hell. Well anyways she goofed, only know about six of the circles, she didn't even know who wrote the INFERNO: my God, that prof blew his stack; but it's true, she should of known because I think it was part of the title, DANTE'S INFERNO or somethin'. Well anyways, the prof really started bulldozin' the whole class with that steel blade he used for a tongue, and the whole place was as quiet as a rabbit with a hound dog sniffin' around the bush he was hidin' in; well anyway, ol' Von starts right up, without raisin' his hand or anythin', like everyone else does, and says: "Peterson"; honest to God, "Peterson" he says, not Mr. Peterson, Professor Peterson, or Doctor Peterson, but "Peterson", he says "Peterson, I have the feeling that if I had a parrot, and kept him on my shoulder all the time, and then after a month we took one of your exams, that the parrott would do a hell of a lot better on it, that me." Honest to God, he said a 'helleuva lot' and he said all that other stuff too. Well o' Peterson sort of sputtered like a dud firecracker till he finally blew his gasket. Guess he never got vulcanized either as he quit that very day; told the Dean that he was here to teach,

not to take a bunch of asinine trash from a foreigner. He had said Von Strauss had been a Nazi, and under the Commies in East Germany, and that his thinkin' was all screwed up. Well I think Von might of been kicked out of school; till old Peterson saved him by stickin' his own size tweleve in his own mouth, by tellin' the University President that it was him or else Von Strauss, to make a choice, one or the other had to go. Well I guess the Proxy must of thought this was some kind of threat or somethin', cause he told Peterson to shagass, or somethin' to that effect.

Well to hell with Peterson, I want to tell you about my friend Von Strauss.

In a way, I kind of worshipped him; because he took me out of the hayseed bracket, and got me to think for myself. In fact I was goin' to grow a beard to be more of an individual like him, but he told me that wouldn't be very individualistic.

Anyway, his tongue, Von's I mean, would snap like a bullwhip, at all these profs who taught all this memorization sort of stuff; they were all kinda scared of him, in a way that is; I guess they didn't like to see him comin'. Some of the profs became his friend though; well that is as much of a friend as you could make with him; he was kinda cold, in a way. Well, all the profs weren't afraid of him and this one Journalism teacher used to turn his stupid ear to Von; ya, this Stein was deaf in the right ear. But he didn't get a chance to turn this deaf ear all the time as Von had a helleuva voice, and it seemed like his words were like hands that grabbed that ol' deaf ear and swung Stein's head around till he had to listen. But ol' Stein would smile. His smile would really be a broad one, real personality,

from ear to ear; his big horse yellow teeth, hugged by those sticky pink gums. They said that his teeth were false, had lost them in a Nazi concentration camp or somethin', you know how these rumors are. Ya, he always gave this big smile to Von. But his eyes always narrowed, and pinpointed on Von all the time he was smilin'. Kinda a 'you'll get yours' smile, I'd call it.

Stein was the king of all kings as far as having his journalism class memorize things. Memorize page after page. Man, you could fill a roll of toilet paper with the stuff he had you memorize for one class period. Memorize or fail. The class hated his guts. But even more than hatin' his guts, they were afraid of him. There was just somethin' about that big horse smile; that is, the smile wit the eyes narrowing and dilating. Guys that would never think of cheatin' in their life would in his class; just too much to memorize; they hated themselves, but it was memorize or fail. Old Von gave the class holy hell, too. I mean for cheatin', but mostly for not thinkin', their own thoughts and givin' their own opinions. But he saw some good in their cheatin' as many used their own imaginations and ingenuity for the first time in their lives, like writin' what they had to memorize in different places, like on their white bucks, or the face of their watch which they rigged up to wind out the answers on its face, and one girl showed real ingenuity—she had the exam memorizations written on thighs. As the exam progressed she had to go further to get to her noteswell. I'll tell you. ol' Von and I didn't have much on our papers, but it was about the most enjoyable test either of us ever took. Well, aside from all these ramifications I seem to fall into, Von

would take these tests that said to list and state, and repeat, and reiterate, and echo and all that sort of crap, and he would write his opinions and thoughts on the matter. Flunked them though; ol' Stein just wasn't lookin' for that sort of answer, I guess.

In class when Stein used to press all his dogmatisms, of Von would get up and really do the number on ol' Stein, and he would argue and reason and give all this thoughts and far fetched stuff, theories, and that. It seemed like Von's heart or conscience or somethin' was roarin' like a great blast furanace at these times. Stein would just look at him and smile, and say, "For the last time, Mr. Hans Von Strauss, will you give me Milton's AERIOPAGITCIA." or "Mr. Hans Von Strauss, would point out the seven points and differentiate the free American press system from the dogmatic Russian press with its implacable control from above."

Von would start this montone of incoherent, rhythmatic jumblings like some sort of poetic parrot or something. Stein would break in, cocking his smart ear to Von, and say, "Speak up, Mr. Hans Von Strauss, I can't make sinse of what you are saying."

And ol' Von wold say, "You must recognize the ryhthm of the answer you seek, sir."

And Stein would smile his yellow smile and say, "Mr. Hans Von Strauss, I do believe you are joshing me," and he would smile his big yellow smile, real personality, but his eyes so narrow like I told you. But ol' Von would stare right back, eye to eye, his red beard bristling like the hair on an Irish Setter's back.

Ya, Stein and ol' Von usta batter heads like a couple ole billie goats like I use to have on my farm. In Indiana, that is. But they always kept kinda calm, and nice to each other. Stein would give his big ol' smile-real personality; and ol' Von would be real suave, like one of these foreign diplomats—but still, that beard would bristle like the nap on a rooster's neck, and ol' Stein's eyes would narrow while he smiled.

Only once did I think Stein would stop smilin'; his smile was kinda like an inner confidence in himself—real calm. But this time I think Von went too far. Well, anyways, one day in class, Stein, with his big personality smile, asks ol' Von to give the seven of the democratic free press over the dogmatic Russian press system. He had only asked Von this same question about eight times. Well, you could of knocked me over with a limp noodle, when from where Von sits I hear Stein's voice givin' back all the points he wanted-Von's tape recorder was playin' back a tape he had taken of Stein. Well, if you ask me, Von went too far-I know ol' Stein felt about as big as the wart on the small toe of a baby mosquito. Stein kinda quivered like a blade of hay caught in a whirlwind, or somethin'. He started out to call Von a "Nietzschean" or somethin or other, but instead finished with his smile, but his eyes were narrower than most of the other times. He seemed awful small and frail there, just a smilin'. I coul of belted Von for this.

Ya, Von was kind of an odd ball, but he did teach me to think for myself.

It was during finals, no right before finals that he reached his high. My God, he was truculent. He had to pass Stein's Freedom of the Press or something, and he had to pass because he wanted to get back to Germany and work on some Free Press or somethin', and he had to pass,



or stay another year. Well, anyway, I knew he wouldn't pass; Stein would flunk him for his free thinking, which was not what he wanted. But ol' Von gave Stein a harder than ever as it got close to final time. We used to sit in Stein's class and he'd tell me that I was getting conditioning here comparable to that given in Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD. He'd say to me, "Be an individual, think for yourself. Don't be a parrot, or you'll end up in a cage." Then the bell would ring and he'd turn to me and say, "Ah, the bell, Pavlov, time to salivate." My god, he was a riot. In a serious sort of way.

But of Stein wasn't the only one that caught it from Von. He had a barrel reserved for the brown noses and the guys who used to do this rote memory stuff. He'd say to them, "I hope Stein doesn't stop short, Johnnie, my boy, or they'll be pulling you out by the ankles," or "Careful, Harry lad, if Stein takes a sharp corner his can will snap off your

nose." Von had a lot of enemies. Fought too many at once. They say he even challenged one prof to a duel his year. Don't get me wrong—Von wasn't perfect, and he admitted it. He said that Goethe once said, "I've never heard of a crime towards which I can not trace in myself at least some small inclination." In other words he knew he wasn't perfect, but his brain wasn't always 'out to lunch' like the rest of the mentally bankrupt floatin' around.

But as it got closer to final time, he started pacing the floor, swearin' to himself, at Stein. Callin' him all sorts of names; swear words I had never thought had been invented yet. But out of all the swearin' and name callin' he did at Stein, in our room, not once did I hear him call Stein a dirty European Jew, like a couple other dinks in the class did. He was quite an individual. But he was kinda shook. He used to go off by himself, or lock himself in the privy. I used to holler in to him, "Have you fallen

in, Von?"-you know, to try and get him to laugh. I'd hear him in there sometimes mutter' and swearin' to himself: then he'd come out and talk to me for hours on end on being an individual and about thinking for myself and that sort of stuff he was really stuck on; and I could see in his face that the inside of him was roaring like a great hearth again. Then after awhile his eyes would get sort of dull and glazed, and he'd say to me, "You're my last hope." It used to hit me kind of funny because his eyes always seemed to be burning and when he looked at me with his eyes havin' this dull gray ash look, like a burned out butt, it used to scare me. Really scare the hell right out fo me. But he finally talked me-I mean reasoned me-into thinkin' and presentin' my own thoughts on Stein's final exam, and in life, too. Anyway, he taught me that; to stand alone, and don't be scared of any one. And to be different, and an individual and that sort of crap, which I really believe in. Honest, I believe so much in it, I'd die to preserve it. Well, this isn't my story. Back to Von.

I remember the day of Stein's final; of Von was really sweatin' buckets, to use a cliche. Me, too, for that matter, I had made up my mind to put my thinking on my paper, not Stein's.

But I tell you, I nearly dumped a load in my britches when I saw the exam—FONAL EXAM FREEDOM OF THE PRESS JACOB STEIN 1.) LIST THE SEVEN POINTS, AND ONLY THE SEVEN POINTS, THAT ELEVATED THE PEOPLE-OWNED, FREE, PRESS OF DEMOCRATIC AMERICA OVER THE FACIST, NAZI AND COMMUNISTIC PRESSES THAT ARE IMPLACABLY CONTROLLED FROM ABOVE.

2.) WRITE MILTON'S AERIOPAGI-TICA STATE THE MAIN AND POINTS AS UNDERLINED IN CLASS. My god, I'm not slingin' it to you, it really was a straight memorization test, askin' us to repeat every cruddy point of claptrap he had fed us. I was really surprised that I wasn't tempted to feed it back to him at all, as I had memorized it at the start of the year. But I had decided to put down my own thinkin' like Von reasoned to me. Also, I became a little firmer and burned in the stomach, and really tasted bitter as hell in the mouth, as I saw the ink cover and white bucks come into sight below the desks, and all the guys all winding their watches, and the girl with the white thighs liftin' her dress to read; I was really zipped at Stein, in fact, I only looked twice at the little blond's thighs. I saw Stein lookin at Von through his narrow eyes, his big cold smile playin' on him. It was a helleuva test. My god was.

You might know, Stein was the only prof on the campus that had to post his marks on a bulletin board for all the world to see. My name was second, with a big flunk on it. I felt lower than a grasshopper's knee. Von had done all right; Stein had him on the top of the paper, with a big A beside his name. I was glad for him, as he really was brilliant, and wanted to get back to Germany awful bad and help his country; it was still quite a mess, after the Nazi's and Commies; and maybe even us, a little.

Well, anyways, it was when I was wanderin' off kind of in a daze, after seeing my invitation from Stein to spend another year at the university, that I saw Von. Like I told ya, I didn't recognize him without the beard and with the

short hair. He just kept starin' at me, but I noticed Stein to my left. His eyes narrowed, but there wasn't that big, horsetoothed yellow smile. But I'm sure there was a slight tremor of a smile flickering. Von just kept starin' at him; yet starin' through him. Just sittin' there on the edge lookin' down. Once or twice he worked himself to the edge of the buildin' but each time edged back, never takin' his eyes off Stein. There was always that hidden twich of a smile on Stein's face every time that Von worked himself to the edge. I guess I was the only one that saw it—if it was there, that is.

All the time I watched Von there, I knew he wasn't gonna jump, he was too much of a individual and thinker to do anything that silly. And rollin' off the edge of a building like a common suicide was out of the question. Yet, every time he edged to edge, I was scared. Maybe it was the wind. I swear I heard somethin' like a furance door bangin' like it was caught in the wind and the fire was out and the wind banged the door from side to side, kinda hollow and empty. Kinda lonely. But it musta been the wind catchin' up amongst the bells in the chapel, or somethin'.

Well, anyways, Von edged to the edge again, and I saw him peerin' down at Stein again, so I got behind Stein to attract Von's attention. It was about this time I sees that Stein had this big yellow mockin' smile. Well, anyways, Von seen me behind Stein, and he kinda smiles. It must have been at me cause he sure wouldn't smile at him. Then Von worked himself away from the edge. He stood up and started climbing up the Chapel's steeple, like one of these native boys you see climbing a cocoanut tree.

And this clangin' like an empty hearth, with its door clangin' in the wind, had stopped, and it's quiet and still as holy hell. Well, ol' Von worked his way to a little jutty that was most of the way up to the top of the steeple. He really looked young and baby faced, but very serious, without the beard, and in his whiffle. Kinda scared me to see how young he looked. Well, Von stood up on the jutty, and he looks down at Stein, still kinda smilin' like. Stein was smilin' back through his narrow eyes. Well, ol' Von, he folds over his fingers, except for the middle one, which he keeps straight out from his hand, and pointed up into the air; you know what I mean. He does this lookin' straight at Stein, and then, my Christ, he jumped; his arms spread wide, his fingers closed, except his middle finger which is out stiff and pointin' up. He did a perfect swan dive. It was graceful and beautiful; I think I was hypnotized or somethin'. But he hit with a terrible squash kind of a noise. His head burst like someone had dropped a pumpkin from some height, smashing into different pieces, larger, larger pieces of the shell here and there.

Well, I could never figure why ol' Von jumped. To say I was shook up for one hell of a long time, would be the understatement of the year. One thing I'll always remember and love him for will be that he taught me to stand alone. Ya, he taught me to love the people or say pissonem, but never just to tolerate.

Oh, about poor ol' Stein, he must of felt a lot deeper about Von than I thought. He certainly looked like a beaten man. Never gave that big smile again. The big one. With real personality. And the narrow eyes.

## The Commons

by W. C. VINAL

Feeder of students. Receiving end for gripes, groans, "Oh, no's!" and "Not, again's!" Conveyer of vittles to bigger-than-stomach eyes. And after a yawning, empty cavern, awaiting the next famine.

## CENTRAL RESTAURANT

-FEATURING TASTY-

PIZZAS • GRINDERS • SPAGHETTI

#### THE STRANGERS

by RUDY WITTSHIRK

It had just stopped raining. The tires of a car hissed on the main street of a small New England city. A girl sat staring out the rain-streaked window into the darkness. All day she had seen hundreds of faces in the cities and towns that had passed by. Somehow they all seemed to be the same—the same people doing the the same things. It was nine o'clock and there were still many people on the streets. Some carried folded umbrellas, some wore raincoats, and some just wore light coats to keep out the chill of late autumn.

She saw a man standing on a corner waiting for the light to change. The green light flashed yellow through the little droplets of rain on the windshield; the yellow turned red. Her eyes did not leave the man as the car pulled up to the stop line. He held a cigarette to his lips and let the smoke stream out of his mouth. She had seen him many times before—in many different places, but this time she could not look away. The man at her side was forgotten. Perhaps it was the eternal loneliness of a man in the street on a cold night.

"What's so interesting out there?" asked the driver. "You've been staring out that window since Boston."

She looked at him but did not reply. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the man cross the street. For a second she thought that he had looked at her.

The light changed and a gentle hand pressed her back against the seat. As the car moved forward into the darkness, she forgot the man in the street. She looked at the driver next to her. He seemed to be another man—as if she had never seen him before

In a while, tiny drops of rain began to

show on the windshield. Again she thought of the man she had seen. She stared at the ever-increasing wall of rain, wondering what he was doing and where he would spend the night. She felt lonely and tired. Why was this stranger bothering her so much? She sighed aloud.

"Did you say something?" asked her fiance.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The man had just stepped into a bar. He sat down at a table and ordered a glass of beer. A puddle of water was forming at his feet. He watched the drops falling from his shoes. Something was bothering him—something that had just happened. He could not remember.

He had started on his second beer when the TV show ended. He finished his beer and walked to the door. It was raining hard. A cold wind blew through his hair and lashed the rain into his face. He shrugged and walked on.

The tires of a passing car sprayed water from a puddle onto the sidewalk. Then he remembered the girl in the car. It seemed funny for her to stare at him like that. He had never seen her before—or had he? She was pretty, he remembered, but her face had seemed lonely. For a moment he thought it had been longing. Somehow people in passing cars always seemed to be looking for something. Maybe they were just watching.

He was lying in bed on his side, listening to the splash of the rain. A cool breeze from the open window ruffled his hair. Somewhere in the night was a girl he would never see again.

He flicked the butt of his cigarette out the window. It cut a glowing arc into the rain and hissed for a second in a puddle.

Much later he was asleep.

# THE MEDDLERS

by ROBERT G. PRENTISS

"Hands," they called the old man, because he couldn't speak, had to make signs with his fingers. He didn't like that name, tried to tell them so, but the other inmates only giggled.

Forty-five years ago, while a school-teacher up in Rutland, he had cut out his tongue. Now he was sane, a trustee, and the nice people at the sanatorium across the street let him sit in the park during the day.

The old man liked to sit there in shadows cast where an old maple tree bowed over the park bench. He liked to muss freshly raked gravel underneath for pebbles, throw them into the little fishpond nearby. He'd drop one in. It would splash. Around it would form a ripple, a bigger one, and more ripples, each ripple bigger than the one before, all from a little pebble tossed in the pond.

Sometimes people strolling in the park would pause, stop under the shadows cast by the maple tree and watch the splash from the little pebble swell across the fishpond to its farthest borders. Sometimes they would even sit down on the bench next to the old man's, rest there and chatter a spell. The old man would listen but make no gesture.

One late afternoon two ladies met in the park and sat in the shade. They saw the old man toss pebbles into the fishpond, watched the splashes, ripple over ripple, lap one another.

"You know, Autumn is the prettiest season of the year," cooed one woman, clasping her hands in ecstasy.

"It is," agreed the other, "My doctor said nothing would cure my allergy better than exercise, plenty of fresh air, and simply enjoying the beauty of nature."

"He sounds charming. What's his name?"

"Govreau, Doctor Walter Govreau."

"Oh, I know him. Why he's the one who treated the Allison youngster, you know, the one involved in the car accident last week."

"My, my, Emma, that's news to me. But say, wasn't it a shame, a disgrace the way that Allison boy behaved. They say he was drinking at the time."

"Yes, and there was a girl in the car too, you know." Emma used her "you knows" freely, twitching her left shoulder each time.

"But the Gazette didn't mention a word about a girl."

"Well, you know, Marlene, how some families try to cover things up. She was under age."

"Yes, that explains it. But my word, how shocking! Who was she?"

"Betty Martin."

"Betty Martin!" Marlene snorted incredulously.

"Yes, yes, it was her alright. You know, good thing she wasn't hurt. That boy would have been suffering for his sins now instead of later," observed the fire-and-brimstone Emma.

The old man winced. His past swept before him. Trembling, he raised his hand. But the women didn't notice, and he reluctantly withdrew it. There was no one else to blame. He alone had chosen this ledge of Purgatory, his atonement, he thought to himself.

"You know, I didn't believe it myself at first," continued Emma, "But when Mrs. Main told me she heard it straight from Mrs. Gardner, you know, she's a very close confidante of the doctor's wife—well—I just knew it had to be so."

"It must be then. Isn't it disgusting?"

"To be expected, I suppose. You know, Marlene, their family name never was too clean."

"True, true. Betty's brother ran off and joined the Navy a while back, and her older sister was always a wild one too. Say, that reminds me, you haven't heard the latest about Betty's sister, Carolyn, have you? But maybe I shouldn't say anything."

"No, no! Marlene Ridgeway, you tell me."

"Well, Emma, do you know that young accountant, Everett Murdock, Carolyn married a couple months ago?"

"Yes, yes. Go ahead."

The old man shifted uneasily. The gravel crunched under his feet. He flipped another pebble into the fishpond, watched the ripples grow and grow.

"Well, now, sometimes he has to go on business trips down to Boston and last weekend he was gone, and—oh—" Marlene Ridgeway placed a hand on her sagging breasts, and sighed, a long, drawnout sigh. She had once taken a correspondence course in dramatics.

"Tell me! Keep going."

"Really, it's so despicable. Anyway, Mrs. Biffins told me this morning—she lives next door to the Murdocks."

"Yes, yes, I know. Go on."

"Well, she said that Sunday night

about eleven, a tall man knocked on the Murdock's door, and when Carolyn answered, he took her in his arms, and they embraced right there in the doorway, and then she pulled him inside."

"Who was he? Who was he?" Emma piped up breathlessly, leaning back against the bench for support. Her baby blue hankie was all gnarled up in her wrinkled fingers, and her fingers twinged with excitement, and they twisted up her baby blue hankie even more.

"Mrs. Biffins couldn't see, she said, because it was so dark out," Marlene continued. "But there was loud laughing, and the record player was playing, and they pulled down all the shades, and then, about twelve, one o'clock—or—maybe it was two—"

"Yes? Yes?" Emma cut in impatiently. "Well, come closer, dearie, so I can tell you."

The two women huddled close together. Marlene bent Emma's head, hissed in her ear.

"They shut off all the lights!"

Emma put her hands to her mouth. "Ohhhhhhh!"

The old man listened, heard the stage whisper. He didn't believe them, but what could he say?

"And that isn't all," added Marlene. "About five-thirty in the morning when it still was dark, Mrs. Biffins says they turned on the lights again. A little while later, they hugged each other in the doorway for almost five minutes, and then he left, and the husband came home about an hour later."

"Oh, just missed him. How terrible! Marlene, I wonder how Mr. Murdock would feel if he only knew. You know, he's such a wonderful person. Isn't it disgusting the things some women do behind their husbands' backs."

"Yes, I have to agree with you. I never did approve of Carolyn, but I didn't think she'd go that far."

"Well, it had to happen sooner or later. Carolyn never was any good. It must run in the family. Her mother was rather loose, you know. I pity the poor man. Oooh, but just wait until I tell Mrs. Sweeney. She'll be so surprised. She knows a woman who just happens to know Mrs. Whately who has a cousin that works for Mr. Murdock as his secretary."

It started to rain. The old man left. The nice people didn't like to see him get wet. Soon the ripples from his little pebbles would become grant ones in the rainstorm.

A week passed before the old man came to the park again. He had been sick in bed with Asiatic flu. The one who examined him had not been as nice as the others. He had to take nasty medicine.

Under the shade of the maple tree he found Mrs. Ridgeway.

"We all missed you here in the park," she said.

The old man nodded his head but made no other sign.

"Yoo-hoo! Marlene! Marlene Ridgeway! Wait for me."

Short and pulpy, Mrs. Biffins waddled over. "How are you? It's nice and shady here."

"Yes. Too bad all the maple leaves are so brown now. They're all withering."

"That's life, Marlene. Here today, gone tomorrow. Who was it—the poet who said something about how we're all players, we cross the stage, say our little piece, then fade away."

"William Shakespeare, dearie."

"Oh, yes, that's right. Say, Marlene, I didn't tell you about the Murdocks breaking up, did I?"

"No, but I heard about it already. It's buzzing all over town. Tut, tut, such a scandal."

"Isn't it though?" Mrs. Biffins said.

"Well, eventually, Mr. Murdock had to find out the kind of woman he married. But how did he discover Carolyn's deceit in the first place?"

"Honestly, no one seems to know. I was trying to find out myself, not that it's any of my business. He just up and said he was starting divorce proceedings against her, and that was it. Someone must have told him, I guess."

"How did she take it, anyway?" asked Marlene. "Emma didn't tell me."

"She took it really hard at first. Of course, she was pretending all the time. You got to give Mr. Murdock credit for that. A woman's tears don't trick him. And do you know what she had the gall to do?"

"No, what?"

The old man grew restless. He flung more pebbles into the pond. He wanted to fight back, strike out at something—anything!

"Well, after Mr. Murdock accused her point-blank about her secret lover visiting her that Sunday night, she strung up a cock-and-bull story about it being her brother, the sailor. She claimed his ship had docked in Boston to refuel, he was out on twenty-four liberty, and he had just dropped in to say hello."

"Oh, no," Marlene gasped. "Denying the truth is bad enough, but to lie like that on top of it. My word!"

"Yes, and from what I hear, she's still sticking to the story. She's wicked."

"She certainly is," Marlene resounded, "A wicked, wicked woman!"

The old man listened, didn't believe them. His insides rumbled. With his hands he braced himself on the bench. His neck muscles tightened. He puckered up his lips. He wanted to, tried to. But he couldn't speak.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Where the overhanging maple tree cast shadows on the park bench, the old man sat the following afternoon. The sky was thick with black clouds, and a brisk wind smacked the maple tree, hard. A leaf tore away from the ancient maple tree, idled down into the old man's lap. Its russet color had faded. It was weather-beaten, tattered, as time-worn as the old man himself.

Voices sliced the air, raucous voices. It was Marlene and this time, Emma.

"Oooh, so ghastly," wailed Emma, "To think he could do such a thing to his wife. It was his fault, you know." She dabbed at the corner of her eye with her baby blue hankie.

Marlene stamped one foot indignantly. "It's utterly contemptible! What a cad that Murdock fellow is! I never did trust him."

"Suspecting his own wife, can you imagine that? Why Carolyn never did anything wrong in her whole life."

"How could he have been so blind as to not believe her when she said it was her own brother."

"And, you know, when the brother

showed up in his cute sailor's suit this morning at that morbid place, you could see the tears in his eyes as he set the flowers down."

"Yes, and he certainly was a brave boy when he told that Murdock fellow the truth about her."

"Who would have thought Carolyn would ever jump off the bridge?"

"The Connecticut River swallowed her deep, too. Why everyone says the divers spent hours looking before they finally found her body."

"So tragic. Carolyn must have really loved that man,"

"Isn't it a shame there was nobody to save her."

The old man choked. Bitterness engulfed him. It knifed him worse than the breath of coming winter smacking against the old maple tree. Forty-five years ago he too had believed them. There hadn't been anybody to save Delia from jumping either.

Resigned, the old man drooped over, scratched around, hunting pebbles. He liked to toss them in the fishpond, watch the little splashes, and then, the ripples growing bigger, bigger, and bigger—until they swelled into oblivion.

---O----

Material to be submitted should be brought to the QUARTERLY office on the second floor of the Student Union.

Don Peterson stuck the key into the lock, turned it, and pushed open the door to room 126. He picked up his two suitcases and carried them inside. He stood and looked around. This was to be his home for the next college year. It looked rather bare and unpromising. He shrugged and heaved one of the suitcases up on the bed nearest the window. Since he was first, he thought that he might as well take the one he wanted.

He wondered what his roommate would be like—a good guy, he hoped. Well, he'd find out soon enough—it was almost four thirty. His roommate should be here after supper anyway. Don opened the suitcase on the bed and began to unpack.

As soon as he had finished putting away his clothes, he made his bed. Then he turned on the radio and lay down. He had come more than a hundred miles by bus and was a little tired. The radio blared suddenly. Someone was singing a rock and roll tune. He swore softly and turned the radio down.

"Is that all they listen to up here too?" he thought.

Turning the dial, he found some swinging jazz and went back to the bed.

After supper, some of Don's new found friends knocked on his door.

"Hey, let's go downtown for a few beers."

He joined them and they headed down the hill to the main street. There were a few other groups heading in the same direction. They were going to have their last fling before classes began.

It was nearly one o'clock when they found their way back to the dormitory. They were so drunk that they could hardly stand up. Finally, Don reached his room and fumbled for the key. Be-

## ROO

fore he could use it, he had opened the door. Vaguely he remembered locking it before he had gone out. His roommate must have arrived. He reached inside and put on the light. There was no one in the room, but his bed had clothes piled on it and there were two other suitcases beside his own.

"My roommate must be in," he said out loud. "Wish the hell he wouldn't leave the damned door unlocked."

He laughed at himself and started to throw the clothes onto the other bed.

" I hope he doesn't mind a drunk for a roommate."

A minute later he was undressed and in bed. Before he was settled he saw the door open and the light go on.

"Who the hell is it ... friend or foe?"

A fuzzy voice answered him, "Hi there . . . I'm your roommate."

He was tall and fat with a round, crew-cut head. Don broke out laughing in spite of himself. He jumped out of bed and lurched toward his new roommate.

"Welcome, friend," he said, extending his hand. The handshake was limp and clammy.

"Don't mind me—a gang of us just came back from town."

"You've been drinking I suppose," said the fat one.

"Yeah, what's wrong with that?"

"Is that all you boys ever think of up here?"

"Yeah, that and broads."

"It was the same thing here last year —liquor and women."

"You were here last year?"

"Yes. I quit, but mother made me

# IMATE

by HUCK ENTRY

come back again."

"Why did you quit?"

"Oh I just couldn't get along."

"Well, don't worry about it. We'll get along all right," said Don somewhat thickly.

"I sure hope so. What's your name by the way?"

"Don Peterson."

"Mine's Herbert—Herbert Maxwell." He offered his hand again.

"Well, g'night, Herb. I'm beat," said Don as he jumped into bed.

"Goodnight," said Herbert and he began to tuck Don's covers around. Don was too drunk to realize what was happening.

Three days later it was Friday. At seven thirty Don woke up. His roommate was sitting on the bed and shaking him by the shoulders.

"Come on, get up. Let's get something to eat."

"Aw, get the hell off'a me. What time is it?" He rolled over and tried to get back to sleep. Again he was grabbed by the shoulders and shaken.

"Damnit, will you cut it out."

"Okay, okay, take it easy, I didn't mean anything."

He began to straighten the covers on Don's bed.

"Hey, will you get the hell out of here."

"All right. I was just fixing your bed." Whenever Herbert spoke he hissed all his "s" sounds. They drove Don crazy.

"Well, I'll fix it when I get up."

At nine o'clock Don woke up again. He showered and dressed hurriedly. The president of the school was giving a welcoming address to the incoming freshmen.

"I heard all this stuff last year," said Herbert. "Let's stay up here and relax."

"I don't know, dad ... we're supposed to go."

"Don't worry. They don't know who goes and who doesn't. It's just a big pep talk anyway."

"Sure," said Don. "What the heck, I've listened to enough of those already. Besides, I've got to rest up for tonight."

"What are you doing tonight?"

"I've got a date with a girl I met in the diner last night."

"You can have your girls."

"I'll take them," said Don.

"There are other things you know."

"Like what? Nothing beats a broad."

"Oh, you could stay in for a change."
"What?"

"Girls will only get you into trouble. We could bring some liquor if you wanted."

He walked over to Don and sat next to him on the bed.

A few minutes later, Don came out of "126" and slammed the door hard. A second ago he had been blind with rage, but now he was only mad at himself for losing his temper. His hand was beginning to sting as blood trickled from the cut on his knuckles.

From the room, he could hear Herbert's soft sobbing. Don turned and looked—then headed for the counselor's room. At the door he started to knock, but then hesitated.

Just after supper, one of the veterans down the hall asked Don,

"Say, what happened to your room-mate? Did he go home or something?"

"Yeah. His old lady got sick."

"Too bad."

Here are three stories by 'Ole Dad' designed to please and entertain you. —Ed.

# Nobody in Search of a Style

by OLE DAD

She woke up with a start.

'I must have slept for an eternity.' The afternoon swim always made her drowsy. But never had she slept so long.

Her favorite soldier still stood guard, taller than the rest, greener ... her name carved on his bark armor-CARO-LINE BETTS. She gazed longingly at her swift moving stream. Her caressing river ... no one really knew her. Just her river. Her river that sang to her. Her river that kissed her forehead, cooled her hot body ... flowed into her. Her perpetual youth. Her river grew white with age in the winter; cold . . indifferent ... hibernating from her like a grouchy bear. Her river that came back to her each spring ... bubbling, happy, wild ... sorry for its hoary indifference. She forgave him when he sang his exhuberent song. She accepted the white water lily from its rushing, eternal love. She picked up her bathing suit from the blueberry bush. It was dry. She must have lain in the sun several hours.

She turned and waved to the stream. She watched the swells of water answer her ... they beckoned. Her body strained toward the river. 'How foolish, I'm fully dressed. She looked at her clothes ... drenched. A frown etched her forehead. She laughed, headed up

the path toward home. The river wailed.

A chick-a-dee trilled its welcome ... cocked its head to the side with a curious tilt. She cocked hers with the same pert, curious tilt. She wrinkled her nose at him. "Hello, little ball of fluff." "Oh your name is Mr. Twittle Bird." She curtsied to her feathered friend. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Twittle." The chick-a-dee flew off.

She ran up the path, looking to the sky; looking at the statuesque oaks stretching their mighty arms to the blue. The water-blue heavens beckoned. She flung her arms skyward. Laughed. Ran onward.

She floated on air past old Swenson's farm. He was working nearby in his fields. He looked to the path where she now stood. She waved to her old friend. He did not answer. She waved, "Hello, Mr. Swenson." She waved frantically, like a marooned person signaling a passing thip. He 'giddyapped' his steaming plow horse. His back became smaller.

She saw her cottage through the arch of phantom limbed birches. Its deep red warmed her. A massive collie lay on the front porch. Her faithful 'Shep' ... wonderful Shep ... loving Shep. Her foot touched the porch ... she extended her hand, waiting for the friendly way

... a low growl, she watched the hair bristle like a frightened porcupine. He backed out of the shadows of the porch, into the sun.

Her clothes were soaked. She must change them. She threw her dry bathing suit on the rail.

A fire roared in the hearth. Tom must be home. "Tom ... oh Tom ... TOM!" 'funny' ... The newspaper lay by the roaring hearth. "Tom must be home."

She laughed—the printer made a mistake "Saturday, August 14." She knew it

was the 13th; her 21st birthday.

She sat by the fire to dry her dripping dress. She took the clinging water lily stem from around her neck . . . rubbed the soreness.

She unfolded the paper all the way. Read . . . "Caroline Betts, of this city, drowned yesterday in the Jay River."

The fire painted in bright reds on her white canvas face. She stared into the fire ... walked closer ... where was its heat? Screamed, "WHERE IS YOUR HEAT!" It was silent. She heard the river's wail.

## Red — Blue

He sat in the back of the booth, in the shadows; drinking vodka.

'Mary's Bar' flashed on and off outside; its 'Loreli' beacon painted the snow red ... blue. The street was dark.

A ray from the neon sign found its way into the bar, caught on his gold tie pin, making it wink . . . on . . . off; red . . . blue.

A taxi driver and an old man sat at the bar. "Look at 'em." The taxi driver nodded toward the winking tie pin. "One of his kind comes down here every once in a while. It's a great adventure for them. Why that suit cost more than I spend on booze in a year. Oh my good aching arse, I'd like to tighten that tie till his eyes bug out like da no good, starin' toad dat he is."

"Easy now; ain't doin' ya no harm. No sense gettin' steamed up. Hell, you'll blow a gasket or somethin'." The old man picked his nose. Looked at it. Wiped his hand under his seat.

The taxi driver swilled his beer. "I just ain't made that way; to let some snob come and stare at me like I was a pink turd, or a germ under a miscrascope, or somethin'. I could never stand these pretty boys."

He sat in the shadows of the booth. The vodka trickled down his throat ... hit his stomach with a little explosion, like drops of water bursting on a hot surface. He felt warm. Looked down the bar past a taxi driver, and an old man picking his nose; past the bartender ... to the red dress.

She stood still at the edge of the bar, staring straight ahead. The blinking red and blue of the sign caught the sequins of her dress, red . . . blue, red . . . blue; the flashing light made her do an erotic dance for him. She stood still.

She could see him in the mirror. He wasn't from around here. His hair was thick, and his face handsome ... intelligent. His expensive blue jacket was out perfect, and clung to his broad chest. The gold tie pin winked at her. God he was handsome ... rich, too. She had never slept with a rich man ... a young one, anyhow. Her dress felt tight, warm around the hips.

It continued its crotic dance in the blinking light.

He wondered how she had got into it. She must have used a shoehorn. He caught her looking at him in the mirror.

"Bartender."

The bartender came over. "Yes sir."
"Ask the lady if she would like a drink."

"Yes sir."

The bartender went over to the dancing dress. He saw their lips move ... her nod. She turned and smiled to him. She left her empty glass on the bar. He watched the red dress wiggle to his table ... professionally; the juices in his mouth were bitter.

She went to sit on his side of the booth. He pointed her to the other. He did not get up. She smiled;—"Hi."

"You're a big girl."

"Five-ten in my tootsies; ya not so small ya self."

The bad teeth like dirty silver oyster shells ... how could a woman let her teeth go ... 'not so smart yourself, huh.' ... he saw the great purple volcanoes of acne, some erupting, leaving pussy lava at their mouths ... scaling the cheap powder. His eyes were intense on her.

She saw the dark, serious eyes on her

... searching, admiring, she thought; he seemed hypnotized. She had never slept with a rich man ... a young one, anyhow. She felt his eyes carress her ... she wondered what it would be like to be married to him. His chest was so broad. "Yes, I'm a big girl, and I like big men."

"You like big men, huh? Well who the hell are you? I'll tell you. You're a big sick whore. A big sick whore."

She watched the handsome, sharp mouth move ... little beads formed on the clean-shaven, blue, upper lip ..."
"A big, sick whore." Her eyes were swelling. She hoped there would be no tears ... she hoped for tears; she felt the sand instead. The blinking tie pin mocked her; burned her eyes. She got up. Walked to the door. Her hands over her face.

He sneered. Watched the big animal body leave ... saw the big sequinned buttocks disappear. He did not taste the vodka. The fire was out.

The taxi driver nudged the old man. "Didya see that? That pansy arse ... too good for Sally. I otta let him have one where it would do the most good." The two watched him edge off the seat. The legs stretched trying to reach the floor. "My good God, he's a dwarf!"

They watched him waddle across the bar room ... the fanny going from side to side like a duck's.

He looked to the corner of the bar hoping to see the sensual sequin dance. The empty glass was still there.

They watched him walk to the toilet door.

He rested his hand on the panel ... looked up ... MEN.

# The Miracle Fruit

He looked like a giant bluebird walking through the park, the black visor of his police cap forming a shiny black beak. He fed on the gaiety, on the moodiness, of the throng . . . its freedom.

For the children ... a tousle of the hair, a caressing kick on the rump, a lift up to the bubbling water fountains, a penny for candy. For strangers ... a friendly touch of the visor. For the owners of the young hands that were lifted swifty from swelling youthful breasts when he came by ... a look the other way. For his familiar friends, the Muldoons, O'Rileys and Shaunessys, that stood around like great heaps of rags, arguing politics ... a jibe ... he would put on his serious Latin scowl; cut into their conversation with, "Your Mayor Curly is a wop; yup, a wop; flying under false colors. Tole me so himself one day when I picked him up on a vagrancy charge." He fed on their friendly jeers, the snatch he heard as he walked away-"Now there's a good chap, that Martino, even if he is a wop ... and he, a cop too." He watched the swan boats, set in the water like giant, gliding water lilies. Their serenity.

He caught the conversation of the giant picnic in bits; concentrating on none. Enjoying the panorama. "Williams won't hit .300 this year. He'll be lucky to play. Stevens is ripe." "So I says to dis guy, da kar ain't much ta look at. But it's like a woman; just give it plenty ta eat and drink; baby it, and give it every secon' of ya time . . . you'll make out allright wid it." "No you can't have a dime for an ice cream, you just had a hotdog. Now stop that bawling. John,

will you please speak to your son!" "Please give them back to me, Tommy, mother would just kill me if I came home without them on ... besides I might catch cold." "Ike's the best president we've ever had ... they say he's in the low eighties now." "So da ole lady tole me to get the hell outta the house and don't . . . " The stream of the crowd buoyed him, carried him along, refreshing him. He shooed a dog along that was poised on three legs, about to take its revenge on a young plant. He smiled as it went off, tail between its legs, wondering at its frustration, its raggedy ears flapping like giant butterfly wings. The squirrels played tag among the forest of trees and legs.

The crowd was like a great tankard of ale. Full to the brim, overflowing the edge . . . foamy, smooth, intoxicating. He quaffed it in huge, healthy gulps. The baseball landed at his feet. His shoes needed shining. He picked it up; tossed it to the face full of freckles. "Thanks." the freckle tossed it to a bird's nest of tousled cornsilk hair.

"This is Boston," he thought, "America . . . the land of the free . . . My God Martino, what a soft hearted slob you're turning into . . . next thing I'll be doin' is singin' the 'Ole Rugged Cross' and ringin' a bell in Scollay Square . . . " A leaf parachuted from a branch overhead. Brushed his face.

"Officer! Officer!" The voice woke him. He watched the hornrimmed glasses waddle toward him like an excited old hen. She stopped her frantic clucking, to get her story straight ... "They've captured a Communist, a Communist! I was right there.

They've got him. They've got him right now." He followed her. She pointed toward the underground men's room. He heard the hum of a collection of angry buzzz saws. He speeded down the stairs. Put his hand to his holster. Pushed through the group. He was hot from the run . . . the anger.

There he stood. Bristling like a bantam rooster; forcign and colroful in his wrapping of rags ... small and delicate ... his large eyes glaring out from under a battered cap, at the line of toilet booths that stood there like so many bank vaults, their silver pay slots shining like great protective locks. The banty quivered with suppressed feeling ... he was hynotized, staring ... still. The crowd closed in like black ants, on the angry, wounded, helpless red ant. To be their feast.

Martino's authoritative voice cut through the buzzing, "What's da scoop here?"

The banty rooster started. Swayed slightly like a small plant ... was motionless. Still. Then erupted with an angry lava. "Disa free country ... disa free country, wherea mana hasta pay for

to crap. Dis free country . . . a man has to pay for to crap."

Martino sent the crowd out with a wave of his night stick—they disappeared before the oak wand. Looked at the raggedy banty. Relaxed his hand off his holster. Smiled. Dug into his pocket; and found a nickel in its blue tightness. He worked the nickel out, and put it into the slot of the closest toilet. The banty went in. "Tanka you. Tanka you very much."

Martino went out. Up the stairs. A group of children came bouncing by, like so many rubber balls, their angelic, rose bud lips singing enthusiastially ... "Beans, beans, the miracle fruit ... the more you eat, the more you toot ... the more you toot the better you feel ... and then you're ready for another meal ... of beans, beans the miracle fruit ..." Their voices faded. The children became colorful Rorschach ink blots on the green blotter of grass.

Martino smiled. Quaffed the sup in greedy, healthy gulps. Roared with laughter . . . "Beans"

——Q——

#### SOFTBALL SUPPLIES

GOLF BALLS

TENNIS RACKETS and BALLS

## A. J. HASTINGS

NEWSDEALER & STATIONER
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

# The Age of Maturity

by RICHARD P. McLEOD

an essay for today's world about today's world . . . .

Deer, dogs and little boys—together with other relatively objectionable elements of society—seem to have evolved an instinctive method of settling their differences. This is by violence, personal and specific, whether it be by tooth, fang, fist or horn. For them, this is sensible—their actions can be guided only by instinct.

Philosophers tell us that Man is the highest form of life presently inhabiting the earth. They define "Man" as a vital, sentient, rational being; he is distinguished most by his rationality—the ability to reason and will freely. It might be interesting to note the practical effects of this definition in the governmental institutions created by man.

Even a fleeting glance at the history of international affairs, and including the present situation, would reveal quite clearly that our civilization has most always been guided by the logic, reason, and conscience inherent in Man. Seldom have passion, emotion, and selfishness been allowed to lower Man from his lofty pinnacle in the animal kingdom.

The solution to past international disagreements has *always* come as a result of unselfish, logical reasoning. After a brief period of use, this means is fol-

lowed by the obviously rational ultimate solution—War. Surely at is a coincidence that this ultimate means of violence is also the instinctive solution grasped by dogs, deer and little boys.

However, perhaps it is understandable that in a time of exciting human conflict Man should forget that he alone is the proud possessor of an attribute beyond the attainment of inferior creatures. For Man, as opposed to the dog, deer and little boy, has this attribute: beyond the being of a stone, the vitality of a peony, the sentience of Old Rover, and the unrealized potential of Dennis the Menace, Man is supposed the enjoy "sweet reason."

It was by the use of this reasoning power that man also developed moral precepts through his search for religion. A few centuries back, the world is said to have accepted the concepts of Christianity. Before and since that time many forms of religion have evolved; but almost without exception they all profess belief in a God and follow the Ten Commandments—or a co-terminous expression popularly known as the "Golden Rule": "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Today, both sides of the Iron Curtain

are striving for the fullest application of these concepts—to do unto the Soviet Union as it would do unto the United States, and vice versa. Rather than apply all of their facilities toward a reasonable solution to present world difficulties, modern men have adopted a bitter name-calling contest based on the theme of "whatever is mine is bigger and better than yours." Usually attributed to little boys, this attitude has a high sounding "mature" name—"Cold War" That it has not developed into the usual "Hot War" is merely because of the deterrent effect found in nuclear warfare.

Thus we find a civilization of men—the highest form of animal life—leading the life of the lowlist, in constant fear for his life. Governmental institutions created by these men reflect this fear, and none is satisfactory. Communism in Russia is not Marxist Communism, and as a totalitarian system, thrives on the fear of the masses. The Democratic countries, on the opposing side, may be

compared to the frightened doe that stands rigidly still to avoid being seen, and thus avoid the battle that she knows would mean death.

Considering this situation, it may be as some claim, that the two factions divided by the Iron Curtin will never be able to co-exist. Yet the very deterrent that has continued the "Cold War" for over a decade prevents the historical irrational solution-war; with the advent of nuclear warfare, a limited or "humanitarian war" probably woud be impossible—de facto, War is impossible. Therefore, we have a seemingly insoluable situation with an irrepressable force meeting an immovable object. Nuclear War vs. co-existance.

But suppose the little boys could grow up—suppose they could realize that they have reached the age of World Maturity, in the nuclear age—and survive self-extermination by the unimaginable forces of nuclear warfare. Someone found peaceful uses for gunpowder.

## My Spring

Spring is known as "Spirit of New" Though Winter was christened "bleak season,"

By a poet who must have felt more
Than he told, when, with little reason,
He listed it lowest of four;
Why say it is bleak, with despair?
Why don't others see as I do,
The beauty it is, an experience rare?
Spring brings death with its "Spirit of
New"!

Steve Doyle

## A Strange Port

The fog swirls 'round about me Clutching me with icy fingers Soothing yet cruel. Soothing to my face; Cruel to my straining eyes groping Yet not seeing through the feathery mist. Groping for what? A familiar face A friendly face; a laughing, painted face To soothe my loneliness. I peer in lighted windows Feeling the warmth inside But not entering. Too many strange faces Unfriendly faces. Faces with other Thoughts than kindess to a sailor. So I turn back to the ship Feeling my way through the clinging fog. It alone knows my sorrow and it alone Comforts me. My emptiness enfolded within its Surrounding arms of gray.

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# The Old Hand

by FRANK SOUSA

He saw her across the school yard. The red of her hair was his own little sun. A sun he had tucked away inside his chest, that warmed his insides ... a sun that made his forehead break out in a warm sweat whenever he talked to her ... a sun that made him stare at his shoes whenever she spoke to him. He walked toward her.

She looked toward him coming across the yard. He was cute. But so old. The girls said he was almost sixteen. His hair was so dark, long on the sides, short on top. His levi's were tight. She felt herself sweat along the bottom of her new brassiere. She wondered why she had to wear it. It was so uncomfortable. Mothers were funny. Real panics. She saw him again. He looked like Gregory Peck in that wonderful movie ... what was it? Why did he wear such tight trousers? The principal said shouldn't wear dungarees ... or the girls shorts. That's funny. She looked at the tall, dark boy out of the corner of her eyes.

"Hi, Mary Ann," he said.

"Oh, hello, Johnnie; I didn't see you."

"Ah ... rah, ah ... could I walk a ways with you?"

"Certainly you may. I wanted to thank you for taking me to the dance last Saturday, anyway."

"It was nothin'," he said, kicking a small can ahead of him.

"It was too, something," she said.

"Could I get you a coke? Or somethin'?"

"Mother said I shouldn't let men spend money on me."

He watched her little rosebud lips move, "Men", she had said. She thinks I'm a man. His chest felt a little big for his shirt. He thrust his chest out further, like a pouting fantail pigeon, hoping he would pop a button ... wonder what she would say if she saw how broad his chest was? Hair on it too; fifteen of them. How did she say it? ... "Men shouldn't spend money on me." Men! What men have been spending money on her? He felt his chest empty out like a pricked baloon.

She saw his deflated look ... poor boy ... "Well, I guess it's all right for you to buy me a coke, just this once, anyhow."

He smiled. Felt around in his pocket ... only one nickel there. He saw the drug store ... the drug store cowboys, holding up the walls. 'Hope they don't think I'm a sissy,' he thought.

One of the drugstore cowboys had a longer keychain ... twirled it in slower, more undulating, more wordly circles. He stared at Mary Ann's little, pointed breast ... poked a fellow cowboy in the ribs ... stared back to Mary Ann ... "True or false?" They all laughed.

Mary Ann saw the boys looking at her ... they must like her pretty pink dress. They were all smiling at her.

Johnnie let his collar get too tight for him. Saw her looking at the keyswingers—' hafta get one of those chains.' He opened the door. They went in. They went to a booth and sat down in the well carved walnut booth, with the small colorful tune selector on the wall with the flip card selector. The table was cluttered with empty and half empty coke glasses.

He watched the waitress come toward their table. The dirty apron. The boys had told him stories about her. How could they? ... she must be old ... must be over thirty. He wanted to live to be twenty-nine after that you get old and bald and ugly and sick. How could they do things like they said they did? They would never be able to marry after

doing stuff like that.

"What'll it be, kids?" the waitress asked.

"Two cokes," he said ... remembered the nickel ... "Better make it one ... I'm not thirsty."

Mary Ann looked at his hair ... so long on the sides; short on top. He was so cute. "What do you call that kind of haircut?" she asked.

"A D.A."

"A D.A.; what does that stand for?" "Oh I can't tell you," he said.

"Oh, come on."

"Nah, I can't tell you." He looked



down at the table, then looked to the floor.

"Come on, Johnnie tell me."

"No."

"Pretty please, with sugar on it."

"No," he said.

"Well if you're going to be so stubborn Mr. Morell, you can just find someone else to take to your old dances."

"Well, "he stamered, "D.A. stands for ... stands for, duck's ass; cause the hair is pushed together in the back and looks ..."

"Johnnie! you shouldn't talk that way." She felt the heat spots on her cheeks; like her girl friends eyes burned there. He had no right to talk to her that way. She was angry.

The waitress put the coke on the table.

"Could I have a drink of water?" he asked.

Mary Ann looked at the coke. She wouldn't drink it ... she'd show him ... She saw the fine chipped ice, the cold little beads on the glass; the sun coming through the window magnified the coke's cold invitation. Her anger cooled as the coke trickled down her throat.

The red straws looked like the colorful legs of a stork in her coke; the stork legs must be walking toward shore, as her coke pond got shallower as she sipped. She giggled at her imagination. There was nothing but ice in the bottom of her glass; She hoped her stork didn't get cold feet. She giggled again.

He saw her giggle ... looked in the mirror to see if he had anythhing on his face. Saw nothing. Drank the water the waitress had left; got up to get another glass at the counter. He filled his own glass ... took a toothpick.

"Another pine tree float?" the wait-

ress laughed.

"Goddam, lady, you're as funny as a fart in church," he thought to himself. He smiled at her-sorry for his thoughts.

Mary Ann was bending straws when he got back to the table.

He bent a straw too. Made a braclet out of his straw.

"For me, "She asked.

He gave her the straw braclet. Her palm was so soft; he wondered whether she would ever let him hold her hand ... he felt guilty again.

"Can I walk you the rest of the way home?" He looked the floor, shuffled his feet.

"Yes' you may," she said. She was glad he asked. 'There goes Sally Meyers ... pretending she doesn't see me with him.' She saw more of her friends sitting at the counter. She took his hand when they got up. 'They'll see this,' she thought. Marveling at her daring.

He felt her take his hand ... he hoped she wasn't one of 'those' kind of girls.

He opened the door for her with out letting go of her hand. The cowboys were gone. They turned and walked along the sidewalk, there hands locked, swinging gently in time with their walking.

He looked over whenever she was looking away. Her softness made his knees weak ... she looked like a cute little puppy; he wanted to cuddle her, take her in his arms, kiss her ... he kicked a Hoodsie cup into the gutter. She still wasn't looking at him ... her nose turned up, pert and sensitive, like a small bunnie's; her neck was delicate and long ... he glanced swiftly over the small swell of a breast, to the tiny waist. The yellowness of her dress, her strawberry hair ... they reminded him of a

delicious strawberry icecream cone ... cool, refreshing, delicious ... unattainable; His nickle was gone.

He knew he was looking at her. She tilted her head at different pert angles ... turned quickly to catch him staring.

He looked at his shoes.

"I think I'll be starting at short stop tomorrow ... would you like to go to the game?"

"I'd love to. You're awful nice," she said.

"No I'm not."

"Oh, yes you are," she said.

"No I'm not. I got kicked out of Lashway's class yesterday."

"Oh I hate him anyway," he said. "He's dirty."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh I can't tell," she said.

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because why?" he asked

"Just because."

"I told you what a D.A. was."

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you; but it's your fault . . . he's always open." "Open?"

"Yes, you know," she said.

"No I don't," he looked at her.

She looked at the ground.

"You know . . . he always open in the front, when he lectures."

"Oh, he said, "he lectures with his fly open."

"Oh! Johnnie Morell, I hate you." She took her hand out of his, and worked her rosebud lips into tight lines. She walked stiffly and erect like a suffering Joan of Ark. She thought she made a romantic and persecuted picture.

The cut into the field in silence; he followed her, a little behind and to the right. The golden hay wrippled under the gentle wind. Bent under their feet;

straightened up, and swayed again. They left a thin single trail. He walked a little faster and the trail through the hay became double.

"Would you like to go to the Booster's dance again this weekend?" he asked. She didn't answer. "I like you an awful lot, Mary Ann."

Her cross was too heavy to carry any

"Mary Ann? I said I like you an awful lot.

She felt herself floating; she was made out of fine down, the wind carrying her on its carressing current . . . way up high ... dizzily, free ... heavenly ... like the movies. 'This darn ol' bra, it's so tight,' she thought. 'I wish the girls could have heard him. He's so cute.

He wrung his hands ... tried to put them in his front pockets . . . his pockets were too tight ... he looked at them, hopeless; they were traitors. He picked his nose ... looked swiftly to see if she had seen him.

She was watching her feet; "I like you, too."

He looked at his feet . . . gonna have to start shining my shoes.

The sun and the love; the wind and the closeness; the curiorsity and innocense; the two young people.

"Would you wear my baseball sweater?" he asked, flipping his jacknife in the air nervously.

"Yes, I'd like that ... I like you an awful lot. More than anyone in the world.

He looked at his feet. A small red ant was carrying off the body of a large black one. He opened the blade of his knife. Closed it.

They stopped under a small tree in the field; where the gold hay was darker under its leafy umbrella; and he looked into her eyes ... looked away to the large tree beside them ... his fore-head felt clammy. He looked back to her. Her eyes were so blue ... so very blue they left little pale blue halos around her eyes, making them appear larger, more deer-like then they were. He felt weak ... hoped his stomach wouldn't grow!. Moved his head a little closer to her. Their heads were almost touching. The wind stirred the leaves slightly ... played with her hair. A leave fell.

His eyes were so dark. He's so cute. Will he try to kiss me . . . he's so close . . . my first kiss . . . what do you do with the nose? she wondered . . . what if they hit? How do the lips meet them? She felt flustered. He was so close.

She saw his head come closer, his eyes half closed ... closer ... 'what about the nose?' she wanted to ask him ... closer 'I know we're going to bang noses ... closer ... at the last moment he tilted his head a little to the side ... their noses passed safely by, she felt his lips. 'How very wonderful' she thought, 'marvelous, we didn't have a collision of noses.' It was easy ... nice too. He was so smart ... he's beautiful. So warm. ''Oh, Johnnie.''

His head swam in a turbulent current, detached from his body, getting caught in little eddies ... whipped into the stream again, bobbing ... rising; back into the little whirlpools, tossed out into the wild current ... faster ... faster. 'My God, I have to pee,' he thought. He started working his knees together, and apart; together again. "You're beautiful, beautiful, ... beautiful," he chanted in drugged, cadenced rhythm. He craned forward so his body would not touch her as they kissed ... he didn't want her to think he was one of 'those' kind

of guys. Church bells sang two, in the distance, throaty and in a low voice.

They sat under the small tree looking at each other. He eyes were so blue ... he felt warm; took out his knife, opened it, ... closed it.

"I'm your girl Johnnie ... forever." He looked at his knife.

"Are you going to carve my name in your desk, like the other boys" she asked.

"What other guys carved your name in their desks?" he asked like a pouting child.

"Don't be angry, silly," she said, "no one ... I mean carve my name, like other guys carve the names of their girls."

"Oh," he said sheepishly, "I'd kill myself if you had another boy."

"You're the first boy that ever kissed me. Am I the only girl?"

He looked at his feet ... to his knife ... to the big tree ... back to his feet. "Yes."

"Promise you'll carve my name in your desk ... Mary Ann King ... promise."

"I promise, "he said, "We'd better get going'." He looked at his knife.

"Oh, you won't do it ... carve it on that big tree over there ... go ahead ... carve Johnnie Morell likes ... "she looked at her feet ... "loves Mary Ann King."

"No I can't," he said.

She laughed joyously; "You silly, bashful boy." She pulled him towards the big tree. He was like a stubborn puppy on a lease; he dug his feet in. She got him to the tree. "Right here," she said, pointing to the broad surface of bark ... she looked quickly back at the bark ... a carving on it mocked back—JOHNNIE MORELL LIKES

MARIA CONTINO. She looked at him. He looked like the puppy who had been caught eating the family roast. She let his hand go with a start. He almost tumbled over backwards.

It began with a slight murmur of her body, like a leaf barely fluttering in a whisper of a breeze; turned to a tremor ... a quake ... her body racked with sobs. Her red hair tumbled from her shoulders to her throat as he sobbed. She calmed down a little; enough to sob out, "My mother told me not to go out with older men."

He looked at her. Put his hand out to touch her head. Drew it back. Tried to put his hands in his pockets . . . they wouldn't fit ... rolled the knife in his hands ... looked at it. Tossed it high and far in the air. The sun caught it, making it smirk an evil silver grin at him. He walked away; head down, tail between his legs ... a storm battered, raggedy sheep dog. He looked back. She was still crying. He walked.

"Johnnie."

He heard the call, faintly; he turned and faced her, from halfway up the hill.

Her lips moved ... "You'll still call won't you?" she asked.

He nodded. Ran up the hill ... he could not face her; besides he still had to relieve himself.

\_\_\_Q\_\_\_

#### The Beautiful Snow

The beautiful snow, the beautiful snow Filling the sky and earth below Over the rooftops, over the street Over the heads of people we meet

Skimming, floating, swimming along Beautiful snow that can do no wrong Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek Fooling in fun like a frolicsome freak

With many a swirl it covers the ground Masking with white all that's around Making so pure the city and street A bride's-veil white, virgin and sweet

Beautiful snow from heaven above Light as an angel, white as a dove Alive is the town, its heart all aglow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow

By W. C. Vinal

# ON THE EQUALITY OF HISTORY AND PHYSICS AND THE FUTURE

VALDIS AUGSTKALNS

From the early 1600's when Francis Bacon first preached the method of induction to the present day, science has had an increasingly important effect on the minds of all people. The claim today that science has not influenced one's beliefs is to voice pure humbug. In our civilization it is impossible to escape the effects of science. As one learns more about the sciences he must modify his old and accept new beliefs and, as in my case, develop new beliefs to agree with newly learned facts. The physics I have learned up here started me thinking and when the chain of thought had ended I had equated on a theoretic level the two seemingly very different sciences of history and physics.

Some might agree that history is not a science, that it is too inexact. They would point out that historians can't agree even on the causes of such simple, clear-cut happenings as the Protestant Reformation. However this argument is not valid. It can be used just as well to disprove that astronomy is a science. After all, don't astronomers (and geologists and many others) disagree about how the earth was formed? Certainly the formation of the earth is a much bigger thing to disagree about than the Reformation. I have come to believe firmly that if historians could obtain all the data they wish to obtain, they would make history into as exact a science as physics. Admitedly this is a big if with built-in practical limitations, but because of the improved communications of this age these limitations are not as significant as they have been in the past and can be expected to become even less significant as communications continue to improve. Hence my reasoning will probably become more valid as time advances.

Someone once said, "Devious indeed are the paths of logic." How right he is! The beginnings of my equating of history and physics came in a chemistry lecture. We were being introduced to Niels Bohr's theory of planetary electrons. According to our professor the theory explained adequately all chemical and physical properties of atoms. Bohr said that electrons travel in planetary orbits around the nucleus of the atom in any of eighteen (and later more were discovered) energy levels. He even calculated the distance from the nucleus to each of the energy levels and the speed with which the electrons traveled. Then after explaining these things to us the professor said that although the theory explained everything it was nonetheless false, and he introduced us to the term, quantum mechanics, and lectured on the subject for a short time. The quantum mechanicist says, explained our professor, that the electron does not travel in the way suggested by Bohr. It can travel faster or slower and closer to or further from the nucleus than Bohr claimed. The probability is great that at any given time the electron is conforming to Bohr's pattern and in the end the variations from the pattern offset each other and cancel each other out. The distinction the quantum mechanicist

makes might seem to be a very fine point indeed. Bohr's pattern is a statistical average of the electron's behaviour, so what's the difference? The difference is that the behaviour is a statistical average and not a cut and dried pattern. The laws of physics are no patterns anymore; they are now recognized for the statistical averages they always were.

slight exposure to quantum mechanics I received in the chemistry lecture aroused my interest. I tried to do a bit of extracurricular reading on the subject, but it was mostly past me. After I came to a place where Dirac proved (I think) that an electron could be in two places at the same time, I gave up. However the main impression I received from my reading remains. Randomness is the main feature of the universe and all our scientific laws are statistical averages. Deviations from the average are of infinitesmally small probability, but this probability exists. Also, because scientific laws are averages, the behaviour of individual particles is completely unpredictable. The best possible example of this fact can be obtained by a study of radioactive decomposition. Suppose you are looking at a sample of a radioactive isotope whose half life is ten minutes. At the end of that time one half of the substance that was left after composed into a more stable substance by means of some sort of radioactive emissions. After another ten minutes one half of the substance that was left after the first ten minutes will have decomposed. Let us say that after two days there is no significant radioactivity left in the sample. It seems simple, this radioactive decompostion. But it it? Let's consider a single atom. It is impossible to tell whether it will be the first or the last atom to break up. The probability is 3/4 that it will break up in the first twenty minutes, but it doesn't have to. At the end of the two days, when there is no significant radioactivity left in the sample, it may still not have decomposed. Indvidual atoms are not predictable but whole conglamorations of them most certainly are.

Now let's turn to history. There are some historians who say history is not a science; it is a "discipline." These men, like pre-Baconian natural philosophers, are pessimists. They base their belief on the assumption that all the facts will never be available. There is no reason why a converse assumption cannot be made. After all, science marches on, progress is made, new information gathering devices are sure to be constructed. Maybe that old dream of all science—fiction writers, the time machine, can be made. Then there'd be no worries at all. Besides this rather improbable happening, there are other indications that make me think that history is bound to become a more accurate sciecne.

History and I don't think anyone will disagree, is basically people, people acting together, creating trends, concepts, etc. Like electrons most people move in certain general orbits; that is, their general behaviour can pretty well be predicted. Of course their exact behaviour is quite often maddeningly random, but groups of people can be treated statistically—the larger the group the more accurate the results. Back in the sixteenth Century Dutch insurance companies first started treating groups of people statistically. Today an insurance executive can look at an actuary chart and predict with significant accuracy how many forty-seven year old, bald-headed, potbellied men in grey flannel suits will die

in the next year. He can't say that one particular individual who meets these specifications will go, but he can say how many of the total number of these men will pass on. A mathematician could easily figure out, within the limits imposed by the human lifetime, the half life of these gentlemen. Admittedly insurance charts are a long way from a total application of statistics to history, but undoubtedly much more progress will be made on this problem in the future. There will of course be difficulties; the human equation is a wildly variable one, but even the most illogicalseeming equation usually has some acceptable solution. There can be no doubt that at some future date it will be possible to predict accurately the broad outlines of what is to come. When this is possible, history will have reached the level of todays physics. Trends and the properties of great masses of individuals will be predictable; but the individuals themselves except in some special oversimplified cases, will in both sciences remain as enigmatic as before.

The main feature of the new history will be its emphasis on the future. It will study the past and the present also, but not to such an extent as is done today. The future has always terrified mankind. This need no longer be true. Even today some of what is to come can be forseen. The world's increasing population is today its most important historical feature. There is just so much space available on the old planet. Three solutions to the problem exist: one, keep the population from expanding; two, reduce the population as it expands; and thre increase the living space. The first solution, human beings beings what they are, is clearly impossible; the second war, is becoming less popular; and the third is the course of least resistance, the course Western Civilization has been following for five hundred years. Today it is as valid a solution as it ever was. That is why, even if a war does come, the artificial satellites will keep on going up and science will remain as important as it has been since Western Civilization first began to expand.

#### Death

O Death, good wandering worker, onward creep

Throughout this crawling mire of human sin.

Creep onward, Death, among the souls which reek

Of hatred, vice and greed; into this din Be cast and as a slave of God fulfill His every wish. When bid, untwine the

arms

Of love; into the breast of man instill The sadness of fleeting life. And calm The fears of those loving God by placing them

Before His feet. Great workman, Come, Obey

God's joyful laws. Thou art in truth a gem

Evincing light,—not darknes and decay. God's wealth is gained when life of man is spent

For Life, mere plaything, God has only lent.

Sandra Saitto

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